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\$1.25 US
\$1.50 CAN

206
NOV
UK 55p

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DEATH BY **TOMBSTONE**

THE CONCLUSION!

The SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™



DIRECT EDITION

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BITTEN BY A RADIOACTIVE SPIDER, STUDENT PETER PARKER GAINED THE PROPORTIONATE STRENGTH AND AGILITY OF AN ARACHNID! ARMED WITH HIS WONDROUS WEB-SHOOTERS, THE RELUCTANT SUPER HERO STRUGGLES WITH SINISTER SUPER-VILLAINS, MAKING ENDS MEET, AND MAINTAINING SOME SEMBLANCE OF A NORMAL LIFE!

STAN LEE PRESENTS: THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN

DEATH BY TOMBSTONE:
CONCLUSION:

FATAL DESIRE!

WHAT'D I
TELL
YOU?

NO ONE'S GOING TO KEEP
ME FROM BEING A BOSS
IN THIS TOWN!

THE COUNCIL OF
BOSSSES WANTED
SPIDER-MAN'S HEAD
ON A PLATTER BEFORE
THEY'D TAKE ME SERIOUS-
LY-- LET'S SEE HOW
THOSE SAUG CREEPS
HANDLE THIS!

YOU OKAY,
TOMBSTONE?!

WHAT HAPPENED TO
THE WALLCRAWLER?!

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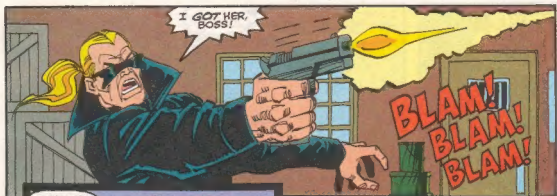
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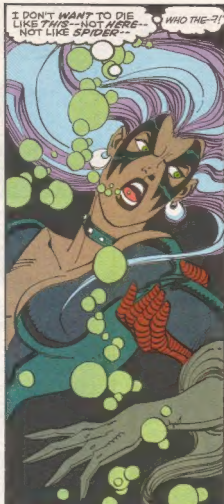
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THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN™ Vol. 1, No. 206, November, 1993. (ISSN #0898-1833) Published by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President, Stan Lee, Publisher, Michael Hobson, Group Vice President, Publishing. OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT NEW YORK, NY AND AT ADDITIONAL MAILING OFFICES. Published monthly. Copyright © 1993 by Marvel Entertainment Group, Inc. All rights reserved. Price \$1.25 per copy in the U.S. and \$1.60 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$15.00 U.S.; Canadian subscribers must add \$6.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032852. Foreign, \$27.00. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT GROUP, INC. PHOTOGRAPHY: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN, c/o MARVEL COMICS, 5TH FLOOR, 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10016. Printed in the U.S.A.







YEAH, YEAH.
I'M NOT
INTERESTED.

DON'T THINK I'VE
FORGIVEN YOU!
BUT I DON'T WANT
YOU DEAD, EITHER!

TOMBSTONE
I WANT DEAD,
OR BROKEN.

HOLD
IT A
SEC--

WHAT DO YOU
THINK YOU'RE
DOING?

YOU
DON'T NEED
THESE.

MAYBE FLASH ONLY
READS THE SPORTS.

AND YOU DON'T
HAVE WHAT IT
TAKES TO GO
AGAINST TOMBSTONE
BY YOURSELF!

GO SEE TO
FLASH, FELICIA.
HE NEEDS YOU
NOW MORE THAN
EVER--

ANYONE WHO CAN
READ A NEWSPAPER
KNOWS THE BLACK
CAT IS FELICIA
HARDY, BUT I STILL
HAVE A SECRET
IDENTITY TO
PROTECT.

I'D LIKE TO
GET HOME
WITH IT
INTACT.

FLASH
THOMPSON
DOESN'T
KNOW!

SURE, SPIDER.
SURE.

WHATEVER
YOU SAY...

-- BUT
STAY
AWAY FROM
TOMB-
STONE!

SOON...

HOLLYWOOD, SAMMY? YOU'RE KIDDING! WHEN?

A WEEK?!

NO... NO, THAT'S JUST GREAT...

MMMM? PETER? UHH... YEAH, HE COULD BE A PROBLEM. LOOK, I CAN HANDLE--

HERE HE COMES NOW. MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS, SAMMY-- I'LL CALL YOU BACK.

TELL ME YOU'RE NOT DRESSING IN FELICIA'S COSTUMES TOO, TIGER.

WHAT, THIS OLD THING?

HEY, IT WAS AN EMERGENCY. I CAME BY FOR MY SPARE MASK.

NEVER MIND. YOU KNOW HOW YOU SAID YOU'LL BE HAPPY TO BE OUT OF HERE?

KNOW WHAT I'D LOVE? AN UPPER EAST SIDE BROWN-STONE, FOUR FLOORS...

IT'S TIME WE THOUGHT ABOUT OWNING, TOO...

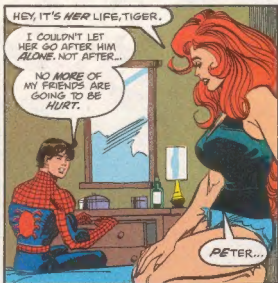
ONE OF SAMMY'S OTHER CLIENTS IS MOVING TO THE COAST FOR A SERIES. SHE HAS TO DUMP HER PLACE IN A HURRY.

SURE... LOT OF BAD MEMORIES HERE NOW...

YEAH, RIGHT. WE CAN'T EVEN AFFORD TO RENT IN THIS TOWN...

IT'S ALL SET UP. LEASE TO OWN.

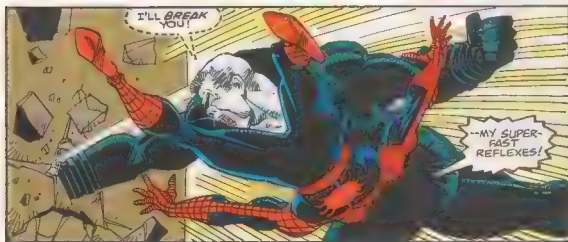
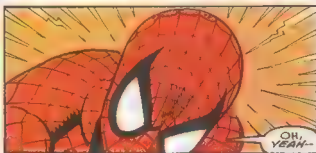
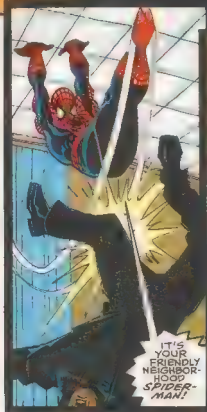
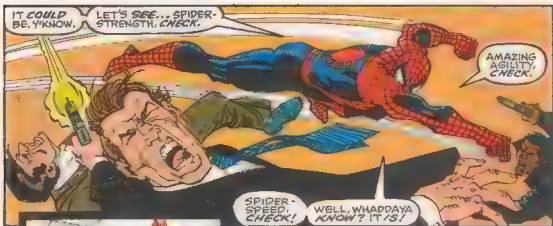
WE CAN MOVE IN ON WEDNESDAY.

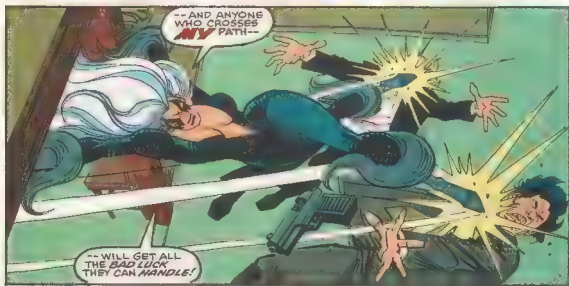
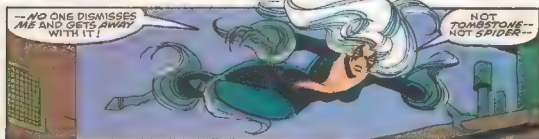
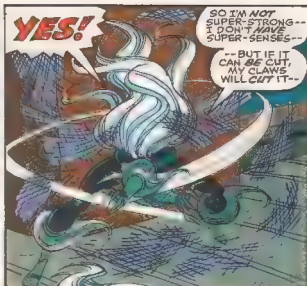


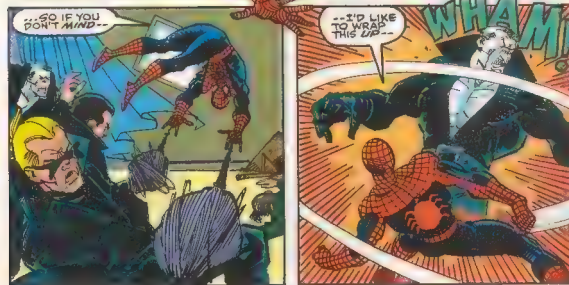
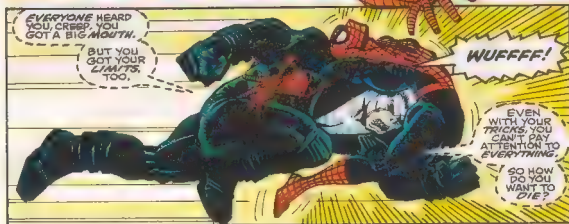
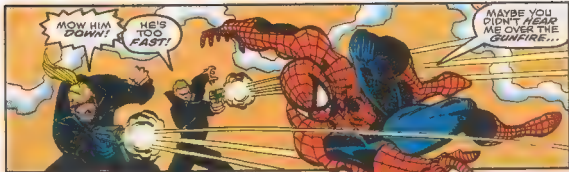






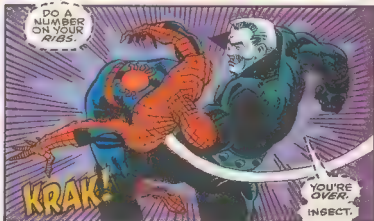


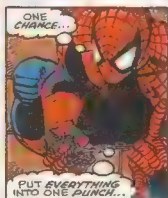






WHOOOM!









EASY...
EASY
NOW...

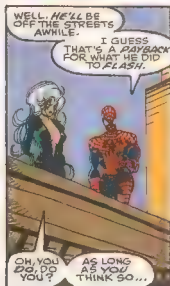
TOOK US LONG
ENOUGH TO GET
HIM *ONTO* THAT
STEEL CART. LET'S
NOT KNOCK HIM
OFF AGAIN.

IF HE'S THIS
HARD TO MOVE,
HOW WILL THEY
HOLD HIM?

FORTUNATELY,
THAT'S NOT OUR
PROBLEM...

UNLESS
ANY OF
YOU HAVE
SUGGESTIONS?

NO
912



WELL, HE'LL BE
OFF THE STREETS
AWHILE.

I GUESS
THAT'S A *PAYBACK*
FOR WHAT HE DID
TO *FLASH*.

OH, YOU
DO, DO
YOU?

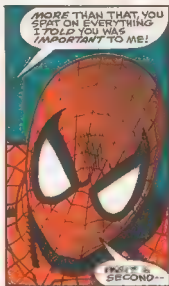
AS LONG
AS YOU
THINK SO...



HOW COULD
YOU DO
THAT TO
ME?!

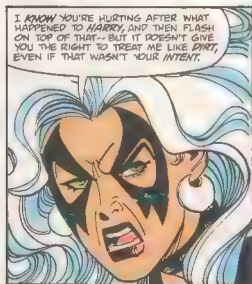
WHAT?!
I SAVED
YOUR LIFE!

YOU
USED
ME!



MORE THAN THAT, YOU
SPAT ON EVERYTHING
I TOLD YOU WAS
IMPORTANT TO ME!

THAT'S
SECOND--



I *KNOW* YOU'RE HURTING AFTER WHAT
HAPPENED TO *HARRY*, AND THEN *FLASH*
ON TOP OF THAT-- BUT IT DOESN'T GIVE
YOU THE RIGHT TO TREAT ME LIKE *DIRT*,
EVEN IF THAT WASN'T YOUR INTENT.



YOU HAVE FRIENDS.
SPIDER, DON'T PUSH
THEM AWAY...

OR SOMEDAY WHEN
YOU *NEED* THEM,
YOU'LL FIND OUT YOU
HAVEN'T GOT ANY
FRIENDS AT ALL...

NEXT
THE SHROUD

J. JONAH JAMESON IN TAPS
PART II: DESPAIR

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writer

penciler

MATT BANNING

JOE ROSEN

MICHAEL HIGGINS

inker

letterer

colorist

MARK POWERS

DANNY FINGEROTH

TOM D'FALCO

editor

group editor

advertising chief

MIDNIGHT AT THE EDGE
OF NEVER.

J. ONE OF SOUL
A MESS ON THE DARK
SIDE OF TOWN...

... DARK WITH BLOOD
AND VIOLENCE,
AND WITHERED
DREAMS.

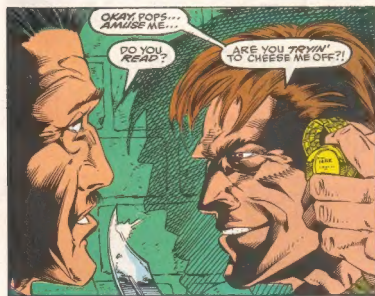
IN THE DARK
OF NIGHT

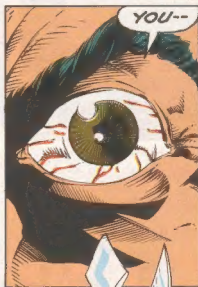
DARK WORDS.

HEY,
OLD
MAN--

DARK DEEDS

WHAT LL WE
SEE-- WHAT'S IN
YOUR POCKETS
OR YOUR
THROAT?!







IT'S NOT TRUE.

IT CAN'T BE TRUE.



BUT IT'S NOT JUST HIS KIND THAT SUXES IT...

DEAR LORDS HAVE I BEEN SO BLIND--!!



A FEW HOURS LATER...

CLOSING TIME, SPORT. LET'S TAKE IT HOME.

AMPH?



I THINK YOU'VE HAD ENOUGH.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DRINK'S NO ANSWER. CAN I ASK YOU A QUESTION?

LOOK, IT'S CLOSING TIME...

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE BUGLE?



UM... IT'S OKAY... I GUESS...

YEAH, LIKE YOU'RE AN EXPERT.



FOUR YEARS OF JOURNALISM SCHOOL, SYRACUSE.

I DON'T HAVE AN OPINION--

